

## The Evening World.

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## A HINT IN A FOOTBALL GAME.

WHAT happened in the stadium at Cambridge on Saturday is a neat argument for preparedness.

The Yale team was not lacking in brawn. The Yale spirit was all there. Individual players on the Yale side did their brave and desperate best. But the sum of their best efforts as individuals availed nothing against the disciplined team play of their opponents.

The Harvard eleven had been trained to work as a unit. The tactics it used were the tactics of generalship faithfully carried out by every man in the part assigned him. Each player put double power into what he did because of his consciousness that it fitted accurately into a thought-out plan.

Tom Shewlin no doubt did the best thing he could to put heart into Yale's irregularly coached team by scoffing at system. But when it came to the test Coach Haughton's boys showed what system can do to mere strength and dash, however heroic.

Saturday's game carries a lesson for those who are willing to stake everything on muscle and courage. These two put up a big fight at Cambridge against discipline and team play. Unpreparedness came out at the wrong end of the score without a point to comfort it.

With so many big hands on the pen, how can Greece escape getting spilled in the fire?

## AS IT SEEMS TO HIS EMPLOYERS.

SENATOR THOMPSON promises to dot i's and cross t's in the charges against Edward E. McCall, improperly Chairman of a commission created for public service.

We are glad to think that the State is under no obligation to convince Mr. McCall of his unfitness for the office he has misused. Such a task might be indeed arduous.

The facts about Mr. McCall—his ownership of stock in a private corporation subject to his official decisions, his repeated perversion of his functions in favoring and protecting corporate interests, his neglect of his public duties when they interfered with his private law practice—simply suffice to convince Mr. McCall's employers—who are, if we mistake not, those who have paid him a large salary to do what he has not done.

A man does not have to commit a State's prison offense to disqualify himself for the office of Public Service Commissioner. The office is one of peculiar trust. Freedom from financial entanglements, unquestioned motives and conscientious devotion to the public's interests are indispensable qualifications in any one who is to hold it. In few other public servants of the State is the standard set by Caesar's wife more jealously to be maintained.

"Above suspicion" has not fitted the present Chairman of the Public Service Commission. It is his own fault that the better the public has come to know him the more distrustfully it has eyed him.

Satisfied that he is incompetent, convinced that he holds office in defiance of the law of the State, his employers have no wish to bandy phrases with him. They have heard enough to feel they have every right to expect his speedy removal.

Great Britain has reduced drunkenness forty per cent.—Cable dispatch.

The figures might be allowed to oscillate a little the night after a big victory.

## THE CITY A BAD EXAMPLE.

THE new head of the Health Department believes that since sanitary regulations are enforced in the case of private property owners the city cuts a poor figure when it ignores the same rules on premises for which it is responsible.

From time to time inspection has revealed neglected sewage systems in jails, common drinking cups and unemptied cesspools in schools, and unsanitary conditions in stables connected with city institutions. Lack of money is the usual excuse for not promptly remedying such evils.

Commissioner Emerson has issued a general order covering all cases of the sort. The order will be followed up and each city department held answerable for sanitary conditions in places over which it has jurisdiction.

New York is not exactly flush. But at least it can find money enough to comply with its own laws.

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

"I'll never be settled just where a mean disposition leaves off and artistic temperament begins."

"We like fiction that deals with impossibilities. And as for liars, some of them spoil everything by trying to make their stories sound plausible."—Toledo Blade.

"All the heroes are not in the trenches. Some of 'em are still eating their brides' biscuits."

"The defeated side always appears to get a lot of consolation out of announcing that there is nothing significant in the result."—Columbia State.

Little question for to-day: Why don't people give useful wedding presents?

All mothers say that while their children may not be the most beautiful children in the world, they certainly are the smartest.—Macon News.

Probably the secret of happiness is to convert yesterday's disgust into spiritual sunshine to-day.

Probably the unhappiest person is the one who can't think of anything to wish for.—Toledo Blade.

## Letters From the People

For "Flying" Coral.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have a very large piece of white coral, brought to me from Haiti. I have had it for some time, and it looks as though it was "dying." Can any experienced person please tell me how I can make it look well again?  
R. D.

Domestic Home Rule.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
If a man rules entirely in the home, or if a woman rules entirely, there will always be trouble, for peace and contentment can never be if this is a serious question in any home, why

not let wife and husband try and strike a happy medium? Of course there will always be domestic quarrels and disputes, and when these come into your home, stop and take note of yourself. Are you selfish, mean or domineering? Let common sense rule at home. If you haven't sense, you should get busy and get some.  
R. A.

No.  
Does a young man born in this country but whose father is not a citizen need any naturalization papers?  
B. H. L.

## The "Safety"

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WHEN Mr. Jarr came home the other evening the children met him at the door, hand in hand, with their locks all smoothly combed, their faces clean and bright.

"You must talk that way, Willie," remarked Mr. Jarr. "There is a Santa Claus to bring things to children who believe in him, but if they don't believe in him he doesn't bring them anything."

"I believe in Santa Claus!" cried the little girl, "and I want him to bring me a doll house and a new doll baby carriage and a set of dishes and a wax doll and a lot of little dolls and some more dolls, and lots and lots of candy."

"I believe in Santa Claus if he brings me what I want," said the more practical Master Jarr. "I want a pony and an automobile and an electric train of cars and a gun and a pistol and a sword, and if I don't get them I won't believe in Santa Claus."

"You will believe in Santa Claus, whether you get what you ask for or not," remarked Mrs. Jarr, who was a stickler for old traditions. "But you

## Willie Jarr Turns Blackmailer; Poor Santa Claus Is His Victim

are not going to get dangerous things like guns. You are big enough now to want and appreciate practical gifts. Santa Claus is going to bring you an overcoat and a nice pair of stout shoes."

This promise of practical gifts had no appeal for Master Jarr.

He began to whimper and Mrs. Jarr turned to the little girl and said: "And you are going to get a nice dress and a nice coat for Christmas this year. Both you children should be glad you are going to get clothes instead of foolish toys that you will only break. Santa Claus is very poor this year."

At this announcement of Santa Claus's poverty the little girl also began to protest plaintively.

"Oh, don't take the joy of life from the children," said Mr. Jarr. Then he winked at his good lady. "I hear that Santa Claus has speculated in war bonds," he added. "So I guess there will be the usual greatly appreciated useless gifts as well as the useful this year as usual."

At this comforting announcement the children beamed and ran, jostling each other, to get papa's housecoat

## Mollie of the Movies

By Alma Woodward

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THIS business is getting to be a regular repository for the talented offspring of the management—the sort of talent that recites "Maud Muller" with Swedish massage gestures, when it's nine years old and there's company to dinner.

I always knew it was the custom to shove sons just out of high school into the firm where papa has worked for after fifteen years. But that's just work.

Here it is a question of genius—and most of these recruits have about as much genius as a cold, boiled onion! Mamma used to go to boarding school with the wife of the head director, so of course that gives her a cast iron claim on his auld lang syne sentiments forever. And when daughter's looking around for a job to hold down mother wishes her on him.

She tells him all about her big hit in the Christmas play at high school and how the school paper wrote her up as a coming star. And then he says: "Yeh. That's fine. Here. Mollie, take this young lady and coach her in the part of Gladioline in 'The Destiny of Doland'."

The part of Gladioline is terribly heavy. Her big scene is where she trips in from the papa's study, makes love to him and throws them into the soup!

But do you suppose for a minute that this legitimate successor to Sarah Bernhardt can do it? Do you think she can put an atom of verve or thrill into it? Not on your fur-trimmed boots!

The way she puts those carrots in the soup, you'd think she was strutting tuberoses on the grave of a dearly beloved child. Any one knows that there's no tragedy in soup except when it's hotter than you thought it was.

So I grab the carrots from her and dash 'em in myself, showing her that any scene no matter how trivial, can be lifted from the commonplace by genius.

OUR really surprised, myself, at the rare technique I put into it. Any one can act all over the shop if it's a case of "Save my child" or "Yeh, Harold, it's up to be!" But to make a chef d'oeuvre of a soup incident requires finesse.

So you can't expect me to be being slightly upset when I turn to her and say, "You see, that's the way to do it." And she comes back with: "Experience does count, doesn't it? You OUR cooks always made our soup, so you can't expect me to be up on the subject."

That was the glad finish all right. I went to the director and said: "Say, I've got a kind heart, and I like to feel that I'm a help to humanity, but I'm giving you fair warning that if your wife's friends have any more children that they want to keep 'em not to send 'em here. I'm just ripe for a dailly fine little massa-

## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1915, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)  
No. 76—THE BOX-TUNNEL, By Charles Reed.

ALONG on the railway line between London and Bath is a hole through a hill. And this hole is, or used to be, known as "The Box-Tunnel."

Late one afternoon a half century ago a first class compartment on the Bath Express was occupied by four people—two men, two women. The men were Capt. Dollyman and White of the cavalry. The women were Marian Haythorn and a friend who was so colorless alongside Marian's glowing beauty that it is really not worth while to give her a name.

Dollyman was a dashing, handsome young dare-devil. He could not keep his eyes turned from Marian. He was, minute by minute, falling a hopeless victim to "love at first sight." White, who was leaving the train at a way station, noticed his fellow Captain's keen interest in the girl. He whispered:

"Till I wager ten pounds to three that you will not be able to kiss either of those ladies before you reach Bath."

Impulsively, Dollyman took the bet. A few minutes later White left the train. And a very few minutes after that the gallant Dollyman had managed to scrape an acquaintance with Miss Haythorn by offering

Love at First Sight. her one of his magazines.

He did not know her name, though she knew his from hearing White address him by it several times. They fell into pleasant chat that lasted for the best part of an hour. Then the train plunged into the darkness of the Box Tunnel.

Through the dense blackness came two sounds in quick succession—the almost noiseless impact of a knee and of an indignant girl. After which the train rolled out once more into the daylight. When they reached Bath the Captain ventured to hold open the door for the two girls. Miss Haythorn—whom he had insulted—dropped her gaze and slipped past him, blushing hotly. The other woman—whom he had not insulted—glared furiously at him as she strode past.

For weeks, search as he might, Dollyman could find no trace of the girl he had so quickly learned to adore. Then came notice of a damage suit brought against him by Miss Marian Haythorn of Such-and-Such an address for kissing her against her will. Dollyman read and reread her address, then hurried to Marian's home. She was coming out of the house as he drew near. He ventured to speak to her—to apologize humbly for his fault. She listened with seeming reluctance, then mentioned by mere chance a ball she was to attend that evening and left him standing there.

Dollyman managed to get an invitation to the ball. He devoted himself to Marian all evening, and at last won permission to call on her.

For the next month Dollyman found time to call on Miss Haythorn nearly every day. At the end of the month he was engaged to her.

As they set forth on the Bath-London railroad for their wedding journey, Dollyman mustered courage to tell his bride about the bet he had made with White.

"I know," she answered demurely. "I overheard. And didn't you hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her that if you kissed me you should be my husband."

"Then," spluttered the amazed Dollyman, "why did you bring that action against me?"

"I—I was afraid you were forgetting me. I—"

"Why!" he cried gleefully as sudden darkness shut them in. "Here is the Box Tunnel again!"

And this time no indignant scream followed the faint sound of the kiss.

## The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XIX.

Y week was up. I must leave the Lamars in the morning. I knew, however, that my visit had done me good in many ways, aside from the pleasure it had afforded me. I had a broader outlook on life, more faith in men and things than when I left New York. It was impossible to be with people whose love for each other was as perfect as Nell's and her husband's without feeling its benediction.

I reached home before noon, and although I had written Haskell to come, there was no one to meet me. I had spent all the ten dollars Haskell had given me for tips for the children, so I left my hand luggage at the baggage desk and walked home.

"Perhaps it was really necessary for Haskell to be down town to-day," I told him. Mrs. Borroughs called. "Hello—I would like to speak to Mr. Borroughs, please. Not there—"

"You mean he hasn't been down at all to-day?" Very well, if he comes in tell him Mrs. Borroughs called. I hung up the receiver, sick. Haskell had not been at the office all day. They evidently knew nothing of where he was, or had been forbidden to tell.

Finally I rang up Mrs. Larkin. I felt I could not sit alone all the long dreary evening.

"We are going to the theatre to-night. Meet us there and we will take you home," she told me. "When I arrived at the theatre I told James he need not come for me; that Mr. and Mrs. Larkin would bring me home. Then I turned to find George Lattimore waiting for me."

"Both Larkin asked me to see you to her box," he said with a peculiar smile as he approached me.

"Thank you," I replied simply, and followed him to the Larkins' box. To my surprise he and I were the only guests. For a moment I was terribly embarrassed. I had not seen George Lattimore since the day he tried to make love to me in the park.

I devoted myself to Mrs. Larkin, insisting upon sitting beside her, and as far away from Mr. Lattimore as possible.

"I can never remember that ride without shuddering. We had scarcely started when he commenced to tell me what a neglected wife I was, how Haskell devoted himself to Madeline Arnott. Then again he tried to make me believe he had never rested with him; that he would make up to me, not only for all I had lost, but would make my future a blissful one."

I sat without a word to me I was astounded into George Lattimore's luxurious car.

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